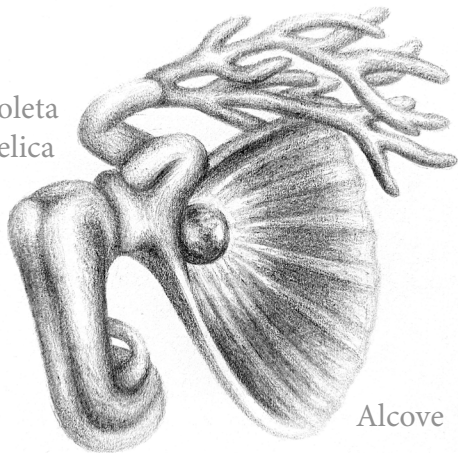


Violeta
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Alcove

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Alcove

I Isolation

II Fast Before Morning

V Cockroaches

VI Sonogram

VII Wave Swinger

VIII Walk

XI Retrogress

Isolation

Stowed in the stove
Endless grove
In the shallow alcove

At the bottom of a vessel
You're forgetful
Wears my riposte

Partisan of my vessels
On the correct branches
Your grounds give way to my will

Fast Before Morning

Moving sheets

Lightning

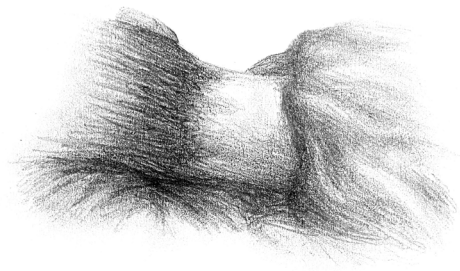
My grip on you tightening

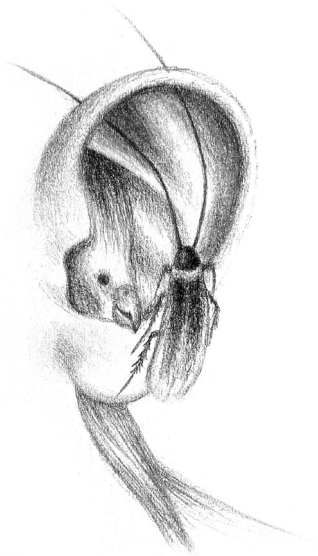
Empty beckoning

Open messaging

The minutiae of the back of your head

Swaddling me so tight





Cockroaches

My grief is a satirical sphere of candy to your ears
Cockroaches to mine
I gallivant inside spheres until I find ears filled with
cockatiels and my scalp itches indefinitely

I fear what flies over my head
I seek what hatches beneath your feet
Beautiful beetles intertwined
Their colours glistening inside

My mind is a sphere of cockroaches to your ears
Candy to mine

Sonogram

Gnashing teeth
Words that steal my silhouette
Inhaled my sublimations
The desires you know I have

Vapour
A leaky faucet
Smoke
Then, composed into a sonnet

Sonographically recognized by images of my stomach
The phantoms of my thoughts never fully digested
Your rhyme scheme symmetrical in my joy and misery
Yet uneven when I pen it to page

Wave Swinger

The floor of a cinema in my memory
Ten rows of tap dancers with one set of feet

I see a wreath on you
Knowing I'll see you in my dreams
Your surround sound brings death in me

I'm on your wave swinger now
Your eyes blinking
Flying across the screen

I catch you in moments
The light of the flickering pictures
I cry into your shoulder reluctantly

Walk

Dried spit on the streets

My walk wavering

Wings precede me

Always see me

Shadows behind the sun weigh more than they seem

I'm compelled to run despite people on the street

And what if I run into them

On a fickle day for feeble me

What would I say to a crow at my feet





Retrogress

Ahead is the monster sun
Evading the peephole created
Only the warmth cottons my eyes
Cottoned up to no one
The sides of my hands are cold
Neck bent
The bones in my shoulder creaking like a rusty hinge
So I stare ahead
Bent on doing nothing
Keep my head high
It'll roll over
A dead frog in the pond
Unfrozen another winter morning before it sinks underneath the ice
Insulated
Weeping
My unremarkable aging vertebrae
In the interim
Fighting a fate I choose perpetually

There has to be an outskirt to my body
An edge that I can reside in
Away from the things I let get to me

